A QUESTION.

Joy comes and goes; hope ebbs and flows
Like the wave;
Change does unknit the tranquil strength of men.
Love lends life a little grace,
A few sad smiles, and then
Both are laid in one cold place,
In the grave.

Dreams dawn and fly, friends smile and die
Like spring flowers;
Our vaunted life is one long funeral.
Men dig graves with bitter tears
For their dead hopes; and all
Mazed with doubts and sick with fears
Count the hours.

We count the hours. These dreams of ours
False and hollow.
Do we go hence and find they are not dead?
Joys we dimly apprehend,
Faces that smiled and fled,
Hopes born here, and born to the end,
Shall we follow?

—Matthew Arnold.

HER TEST.

She was the embodiment of beauty. None could have thought otherwise, seeing her as she sat there alone on the piazza, her lovely form slightly inclined, her hands clasped on her lap, and one small and shapely foot lightly tapping the floor; the long, sweeping lashes drooping languidly over her dreamy, lustrous eyes, and a sweet smile playing around her scarlet mouth, which was open just enough to exhibit the even tips of her pearly teeth.

The restless, crimson tide coursing beneath the pure, transparent skin would occasionally suffuse her cheeks and then pass gradually away, only to surge back again and mantle face and neck with a burning blush.

Yes, Minerva Lambert was beautiful, and never did she look more so than now, as, flushed with apparent excitement, and totally unconscious of the charming picture she formed, she sat there where the long trailing vines swayed to and fro on one side, casting fantastic shadows on the floor, and on the other motley flowers nodding lazily in the gentle breeze that lifted sweet fragrance from their coroform crests, while the slanting beams of the evening sun rested like a halo on her bowed head.

Minerva had two lovers—that is, two, only one of whom she could think of accepting as her companion through life.

Literally, she had at least a dozen, but only two dared hope for her hand.

These were Leroy Beaumont and Mark Spencer.

Leroy was the son of wealthy parents. Mark was comparatively poor. Leroy was very handsome, with dark, flashing eyes, black, glossy hair and fierce-looking mustache; Mark was not, though his bright and ever-smiling countenance wore anything but a disagreeable aspect.

They were not friends, but it was because of their rivalry. They had never been personally acquainted. Leroy, thinking that features such as his were essential to any one who would win the hand of that beauty, was, consequently confident of his ability to gain the victory, and, perhaps, was unprejudiced.

Mark's opinion was different. Although not nearly so confident of success as his competitor, he was too noble a nature to allow hatred or even jealousy to be excited within him, and he believed that Minerva Lambert would not judge by personal appearance which was most deserving of the much-coveted hand.

But Minerva, it must be said, had a few romantic notions in her head. Her father, knowing the reputation of Mark Spencer, advised her to accept him in preference to the other, but she hesitated.

Mr. Beaumont was so handsome, so tall and graceful, and he had such bright and flashing eyes, and then that captivating mustache was an adornment that Mr. Spencer could not boast of.

Did she love Leroy Beaumont? She thought she did, though when in the society of Mark Spencer she was in doubt. She was not capable of reading her own heart.

Now, they had both proposed. This very day they had both been at her feet, pouring forth the story of their love, and begging for hers in return.

Of course they did not do this at the same time, but at different hours of the day, and neither knew of the other's proposal.

She did not give them her answer, but dismissed them both with the information that they must wait until to-morrow, and thus give her time to decide. Then she set her wits to work.

Which should she accept? She was in a dilemma. She was a little partial to Beaumont, but then she knew so little of his character. Spencer she knew to be a true gentleman, but then he lacked that attractiveness of feature which, she thought, would have made him look so much more noble and manly.

She hit upon a plan which pleased her, and she immediately began the execution of it.

She wrote two notes exactly alike, and sent one of them to each of her lovers.

They ran thus:

"Meet me at 8 o'clock this evening at the old elm tree on the river bank, near my father's house."

It was all she wrote. She knew they would both be at the appointed spot at the appointed time, each thinking himself the favored suitor.

She was thinking of this as she sat alone on the piazza, where the long evening shadows were creeping across the floor, and the rays of the setting sun were struggling through the network of vines to kiss her blushing cheek.

She could think of no better way of finding out whether Leroy Beaumont was a true gentleman or not.

It was to see how he would act on finding his rival at the place of meeting that she had concluded to make this appointment with both.

If her plan failed, she would contrive another, for she had resolved that no man should become her husband unless he was in every respect worthy of her.

* * * * *

Mark Spencer stood beneath the wide spreading branches of the old elm tree, leaning against its huge trunk with his arm folded on his breast.

It was just the night for a meeting of lovers. The moon looked down with modified splendor from her starry throne. Her image was reflected in the limpid stream. Her tempered light flooded the little gable, and stealing through the rustling branches, fell upon the face of Mark Spencer.

Though the features were not regular, there was something attractive about the face. It was so open and candid, and there was such a good natured smile on the manly brow. The verdict of one capable of reading the heart in the face would undoubtedly be good, and even a casual observer would be struck with the gentlemanly appearance of the young man.

Just now the countenance was bright with hope. Would not Minerva Lambert soon be in his arms telling him how much she loved him?

This, he thought, was the reason why he had been requested to meet her there, preferring that romantic spot in which to tell him of her love.

He heard a footstep behind him, turning hastily, he beheld the handsome Apollo, Leroy Beaumont, walking briskly along toward him.

He was much surprised to see him approaching, and so was Leroy to find Mark there, for he stopped short and held up both hands, exclaiming:

"Mark Spencer!"

"Mr. Beaumont," returned the other, with a slight nod.

"Why are you here?" cried Beaumont.

"What right have you to ask?" calmly retorted the young man.

His rival colored.

"Sir, you are impudent," said he, angrily.

"I deny the charge, Mr. Beaumont, and you have no cause to speak thus."

"Again I ask you why you are here?"

Again I tell you that it does not concern you, and you have no right to ask."

"Then, sir, will you please leave this place, as it is here I am to meet a certain person."

And with a haughty look the ostentatious fellow consulted his heavy gold watch.

"Minerva should have been here ere this," he muttered, as if to himself, but with a furtive glance at Mark Spencer to see what effect his words produced on him.

Mark was supprised; but, pretending that he did not hear the words, he said:

"No, sir; I will not leave this place, for I, too, am waiting for a friend."

"Do you mean Miss Lambert?"

"I do."

"Then, sir, you speak falsely!" cried Leroy, fiercely. "She did not ask you to meet her here."

"I beg your pardon, but——"

"Cease! Hold your tongue!" thundered the handsome man. "Audacious scoundrel! know you not that Minerva Lambert is soon to become my wife? She cares naught for you. Your jealousy prompted you to come here and witness our meeting, eh?"

"'Tis false!" replied Mark, quietly. "I knew not that such a meeting was in contemplation. But, sir, I have no desire to bandy words with you; therefore I wish you good evening."

He bowed and was about to withdraw from the spot when Leroy produced a pistol and pointed it at him.

Mark was no coward. He folded his arms and looked calmly into the dark muzzle of the weapon.

"Shoot," said he; "shoot, Leroy Beaumont. I am unarmed."

"Peace, gentlemen!" cried a silvery voice.

They looked simultaneously and beheld Minerva Lambert standing there in the moonlight, her tall, queenly form clad in spotless white.

Mark lifted his hat politely, while his rival stood stock-still, staring at her.

Minerve stepped proudly forward.

"Mr. Beaumont," said she, confronting that gentleman, "I have witnessed your proceedings since you came here, and have overheard the conversation carried on between you and Mr. Spencer. Sir, you have proved yourself a villian and a coward. You reviled Mr. Spencer without cause. You were going to shoot him even after he told you that he was unarmed. And, besides, you told him that I was your promised wife, which you know is false.

"You asked me this day for my heart and hand, as also did Mr. Spencer. I gave neither of you an answer, because I wished to carry out a little plan. I knew nothing of your past life, sir, nor whether you at present had the reputation of being good or bad. I could not think of joining my life to that of one who, comparatively speaking, is unknown to me.

"I planned this meeting with the hope that it might give me an insight into your true character, and I hoped not in vain. I desired to see your actions on confronting your rival here. I have seen. I am satisfied. Go, sir! never speak to me again nor allow your footsteps to wander toward my home, which you have so often visited as a wolf in sheep's clothing."

Pale and trembling, Leroy Beaumont, listened to this speech, cowering before the accusing gaze of those flashing eyes like a criminal receiving his sentence.

When she had finished he stood erect, and for a moment a bitter retort seemed to tremble on his lips. It remained unspoken.

He said not a word, but turned abruptly on his heel, with a contemptuous toss of his head, and walked proudly away.

When he was lost to view in the darkness, Minerva turned to Mark, who had been a silent spectator of the little drama that had just been performed, and said, in a trembling voice:

"Mr. Spencer, I hope you will forgive my making a tool of you for the execution of my stratagem, and subjecting you to the insults of that man."

"As to that, Miss Lambert," he replied with a respectful bow, "There is nothing to forgive."

"Thank you, sir. But I cannot stay longer. My sole purpose for requesting you to meet me here is accomplished. Good evening, sir."

"Stay, Miss Lambert. Shall I call to-morrow and receive your answer, or can I hear it now?"

"Not now. To-morrow if you wish, you may see me at home."

And on the following day Mark Spencer, with throbbing heart, sat beside his love.

When she felt his strong arm stealing around her trembling form, when she felt his lips pressed to hers in a sweet betrothal kiss, and heard his low-murmured words of endearment, Minerva Lambert felt a sweet feeling of rest coming over her, and she laid her head on his breast, wondering how she ever could have thought that she loved Leroy Beaumont more than she did this noble-hearted man.

William Walter Phelps, as "Gath" writes to a Western journal, is put down as worth $7,000,000.

A TERRIBLE NIGHT.

"Ah, sir, I see you are admiring my flowers. Well, they are pretty—they are—though I doubt as some would call the marigolds and carnations common and old-fashioned. It's a pretty little place this, ain't it' sir? And it's my own too—my very own—and will go to my grandson after me. He's a good lad, be is—it's him as looks after the garden. Mighty fond of flowers he is; and rarely proud he'll be, I know, when he hears as a fine town gentleman has taken notice of 'em. Ah, I was fond of gardening too in my time! But I'm getting an old man now—eight-five I am come Christmas—and I can't expect to be spared much longer, though I'm hale and hearty yet, thank Heaven! Ah, times have altered, sir, since my young days! For the better you say? Well, things are grander now than they were then; but somehow I seem to like the old times best, perhaps because I was young and strong in 'em. And talking of old times reminds me of something that once happened to me. Like to hear it, sir? Well, so you shall, and welcome, if you don't mind wasting an hour or so with an old chap like me. Sit down, then, on that bench, and make yourself comfortable.

"You've been to Chelmsford perhaps? Then maybe you knew the 'Scaracen's Head'? Well, close to where that now stands there used to be an old inn called the 'Swan.' A queer old place it was to be sure, with its casement windows and overhanging gables. I was living at Raldhan then—its nigh upon sixty years ago—a farmer I was, and had been married only a short time to a dear little wife as I loved well and true till she died, poor lass!

"One cold December day I started for Braintree to look at some stock as I thought of buying. As it was two days' journey, I meant to stop at Chelmsford for the night, and go on early the next day. I didn't leave home till about two, and I had a weary road to travel, so that darkness came on before I reached the gibbet on the edge of the common; and I can tell you my flesh crawled, as the saying is when I galloped past at full speed. It was a bleak cold night and the road was bad, so that it was late before I rode into Chelmsford."

"I put up at the 'Swan'—that being the first inn I came to—and was standing watching the hostler rubbing down my good old mare—for I always attended to that the first thing—when the landlord came slowly out to me; he was a short, sharp-faced man, with great black eyes that had an uneasy sort of look in 'em. I told him I'd had a long ride, and was glad enough to get safe into his yard—for I'd gold about me, and we'd heard horrible tales of the robberies and murders on the king's highway. Well, he showed me into a long low room—the kitchen it was—with a brick floor and a bright fire burning.

"'There's a noisy lot in the parlour, sir,' said he; you'll be quiet and cosy here, for maybe you're tired and chilly after your ride in the wind.'

"I ordered a steak and some wine, and, as I ate my supper, I thought to myself that I couldn't well have found a better place than the 'Swan' to stop at. After I had finished, I called for pipes and grog, and sat by the fire with the landlord; but I might as well have been alone, for he never spoke a word, but sat staring into the fire with a wicked look in his eyes that I didn't like, though I didn't take much notice of it then. Ah, I know now what his thoughts were as he gazed moodily into the glowing coals! He was thinking of the disgrace brought upon his name by his only son, and wondering where the money was to come from which must be procured somehow if his boy was to be saved from ruin. And then no doubt he planned to murder me—ah, it's all true sir—I've got his confession by me now—and bury me down by the river-side, in the meadow behind the stable. Then he meant to turn my mare out before dawn, so that the servants might think I had left early; and then, you see, when it was found, people would think something had happened to me on the road to Braintree. Well, my companion roused himself after a time, and began asking me what I thought of the country, if I had ridden far, whether I had been advised to put up at the 'Swan' and such like questions. I answered them freely enough, never supposing that he asked for any other reason than just to keep up the conversation. I asked him to call me early, and he promised he would do so.

"'I'll do it myself' said he, 'for the girl and the ostler will be abed.'

"Then he called his wife and told her to bring me a candle, which she did. She was a coarse-looking careworn woman, and I noticed, when she showed me to my room, that her hand was shaking, and her voice sounded thick as she bid me a civil 'Good-night.'

"My bed-room was a long low room with queer old furniture, quaint carved chairs, and a great four-post bedstead which seemed as big as a hearse. There was no lock to the [illegible] and the bolts were rusty and broken; so I could only put the latch down. I thought of putting a chair against it; but that seemed childish, and no protection after all. The night was wet and windy and the sky black as ink. Try as I would, I couldn't get to sleep; and there I lay listening to the ghostly tapping of the ivy-leaves against the window, and thinking of the evil look in the landlord's eyes, and all the horrid stories I had ever read came crowding into my mind, when suddenly I started up in bed, wide awake enough, for I heard something or some one climbing up the ivy to my window. I lay with palpitating heart and straining eyes, listening to the horrible ghostly rustling, which every moment sounded nearer.

"Suddenly a thought struck me; and I rose, hastily smoothing the bed-cloths, as though the bed had not been slept in. I had just time to creep under the bed, when the window was shaken open, and somebody softly slipped in. It was a man, and, listening intently, I heard him sigh wearily to himself, as if he were tired out. Then he got into my bed, threw the clothes over him, and in a few minutes I heard him snoring. You can imagine how pleasant I felt; and the scamp had my money-bag under his pillow too! What was to be done? I thought of my happy home and of the dear little wife now perhaps dreaming of me, and the thought of her gave me courage. I determined to snatch at my money and fight for it with the unseen visitor—to the death, if need be. I was crawling from under the bed, when I heard another sound, nearing the door this time. In a single minute the latch was quietly lifted, the door was gently pushed open, and I saw the landlord glide into the room. Then a hand holding a candle stole in at the door—only a hand; but I knew those quivering fingers well enough. The man crept on tip-toe to the bed, and, leaning softly over the sleeper, stabbed him to the heart. There was one deep groan, and all was over. The murderer drew the money from under the pillow, and crept stealthily to the door, glancing behind him, as though he feared the dead man would get up and follow him.

"Shaking all over, and with hair on end, I crawled from my hiding place, groped about for my clothes, and, after standing a moment, dazed with horror, followed the guilty couple. Their room was almost opposite mine, and I could see the light under their door, which was barely closed, I pushed it open and peeped in. The table faced the door; and there they stood with their backs to me, so intent upon the money that I crept close to them without being heard.

"'Look, look,' I heard the man whisper—'there is more than enough to save our boy! How they shine! And all ours, wife—ours!'

"'No, mine, murderer!' I shouted, with a voice of thunder; and, snatching the bag from his nerveless grasp, I dashed the light from the woman's hand and fled back swiftly to the room where the dead man lay.

"Opening the window, I groped about with one hand for an ivy bough, clinging somehow to the sill with the other, and at last managed to scramble down, reaching the ground bruised, shaken, breathless. As I rested a moment to get my breath, I heard from the window above an awful cry sung out in a woman's voice—

"'My boy, my boy, my only son!'

I clambered over the gate which led into the street. A watch-box stood close by in the square, and I hurriedly told my story to the watchman. He stared in horror, as well he might, and wanted to fetch his mate; but I told him we were more than a match for those we should find at the inn; so he came with me. A frightened servant opened the door to us, and I led the way to the room I had just quitted. The watchman bent down, and peered into the dead man's face.

"'Ah,' he wispered, 'it's as I feared! It's their own son—they didn't know he was home, and so they mistook him for you, sir.'

"I felt myself turn queer and giddy, for now I knew the meaning of that pitiful cry, 'My only son!'

"And what of the murderers? They had not so much as tried to escape, and the door wasn't even barred against us. The woman lay moaning on the floor; the man sat huddled up in a chair by the bed. When we entered, he held out his hands to be manacled, without uttering a word. When I told him how it happened that his son had fallen a victim instead of me, he just stared in my face and made no sign that he heard the ghastly tale.

"Well, sir, that's about all. The mother, poor soul, died raving mad, and the man was hanged at Tyburn; but not another word did he epeak from first to last, save once—and that was when the Judge passed sentence on him. Then he raised his head, and, with a look in his eyes which I can never forget he said—

"'An old, old man, my lord—my only son!'

"That's all, sir. The strangest story you ever heard? Well, I dare say it is; but it's all true, every word of it; for I've got the papers to prove it, and, if you'll will be pleased to come in and see 'em, you'll be welcome as flowers in May, that you will! Not now? Well, then, I'll bid you good day, and thank you kindly for letting me talk to you, for it does me good to chat a bit sometimes, that it do! Good day, sir, and a pleasant walk to you!"

In Summer, Remember

1. That infectious diseases generally are due to filth in some form—most of them directly to diverse kinds of microscopic plants (bacteria) which gain entrance into the system through the lungs or the stomach. Invading the wonderful laloratories of life,—the infinitesimal cells,—they disorganize these just as the yeast-plants, multiplying to countless millions, disorganize every particle of the dough—or would do so, if not themselves killed by the heat of the oven.

2. Remember that the best preservative against them is high health, which either digests them in the stomach, or repels them from gaining a foothold, and eliminates them from the system.

3. Remember that the next best preservative against infectious diseases is a free and strong circulation of pure air through the house from cellar to attic. The danger is when large numbers of bacteria gain admittance. There is slight probability that a foothold will be gained by these invaders when their number is comparatively few.

4. Remember that in our cities and large towns the sewers, constantly receiving the excreta of the sick, are never free from infectious bacteria; that these readily pass up into dwellings through every open connecting pipe; that these pipes should be kept closed when not in use; and that they should, in no case, enter a sleeping-room but into a well-ventilated water-closet.

5. Remember that, in the country, wells are dangerous when they are within one hundred feet of a privy or cesspool.

6. Remember that while boiling may purify infected water, mere filtering never renders it safe.

7. Remember all water-closets, cesspools, etc., should be frequently disinfected, copperas (sulphate of iron) being a good and cheap disinfectant for the purpose.

8. That a deodorizer is not necessarily a disinfectant. We may kill a bad smell, and not kill the bacteria.

—Youth's Companion.

Canned sardines are now purely American. The packing box is made in Jersey City, the wrapper is printed in New York, the tin-cans are manufactured in Boston, and the fish are caught on the Maine coast, and the oil is extracted from cottonseed in Georgia.

BATTLE OF SAN JACINTO.

How Santa Anna Was Captured—Reminiscences of the War for the Independence of Texas.

Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

The Commercial Gazette had the pleasure the other day of an interview with an old gentleman whose reminiscences of the war for the independence of the Lone Star state, in which he was an active participant, are so bright and vivid, and told in such a bright and sprightly style, that they are well worth partial reproduction for the entertainment of our readers, with that due regard to the economy of space that must necessarily deprive them of many points of detail.

Lucien Hopson, now eighty-two years of age, and spending a few days in the city, was born and reared and educated in Geauga County, Ohio. Among his schoolmates were David Tod, Galvin Pease and Sebury Ford, all of whom became governors of their state. He lived some years in this city, and in 1834 went to Texas. He took part in the struggle for a right to live there, earned the right at the risk of his life, and since then has held it. When our representative met Mr. Hopson he found him decorated with a badge of the Texas Veterans, in honor of the day, and very willing to talk about it.

Having been identified with the city, Mr. Hopson was one to warmly welcome to Texas the volunteers who went down there from here, and he joined them. They arrived in Texas in fine form, splendidly armed and uniformed bearing a large and beautiful banner of silk that had been presented by ladies of this city. It bore an embroidered figure of the Goddess of Liberty, life-size of a woman, and the legend, "Victory or Death." When presented here, with great ceremony, a lady made the speech of presentation, and placed her glove upon tne spear-end of the staff; and the man who received it, kneeling upon one knee, declared that it should be defended with knightly honor and courage. It was under this beautiful banner Mr. Hopson, then 34 years of age, a man of good size, powerful frame, keen eyes, inured to fatigue, and probably full of courage and enthusiasm, swore to aid in driving the hated power of Mexico out of Texas. He joined at Nagadoches, but most of his service was rendered as scout and spy on horseback. But he participated in the battle of San Jacinto, where the terrible slaughter of the Mexicans occured, and after that stood guard over Santa Anna. General Houston, by a feint at a retreat, had induced Santa Anna to divide his powerful army of 14,000 men into three commands, in order to cut off the retreat of the little band of Americans and slaughter them as at the Alamo. The three divisions were thus widely separated, when, on the 21st of April, 1836, the Americans, under Houston, only 600 or 700 strong, came upon the main body intrenched under Santa Anna.

Mr. Hopson puts the strenght of the Americans at 673. General Houston, in his speech before congress, placed it at 783. But Mr. Hopson explains that the general didn't go into details about the number who held back on account of the appalling odds of the enemy behind breastsworks. It seems that General Rush secretary of war, who was present, warned them of the odds, and gave those who chose to shirk a chance to do so. Some did back out, but most of them were made available as a reserve. The grand assault upon the enemy's works was made at high noon, and was in the nature of a surprise, as the Mexicans did not think the Americans would dare to charge against such odds. But charge they did and over the breastworks they went and fearfully slaughtered the enemy, with a loss to themselves of only eight killed and twenty-four wounded. It seems that the first volley of the Mexicans was fired too high and the second too low, and by that time they were not in condition to shoot any more to speak about, and the desperate 600 were in the midst shooting with rifles and pistols, slashing, stabbing with swords, bayonets and those terrible bowie knives. The Mexicans were stampeded and slaughtered like sheep. Seven hundred were killed, and as, many more wounded and as many escaped. When Santa Anna was captured the scene around him was terrific. "Remember the Alamo" was still the cry, and the Mexican chieftain's life was in desperate jeopardy. A lot of officers closed around him and protected him at the risk of their lives. These, in turn, were completely surrounded by the men, some of whom stuck at Santa Anna with their knives over the heads and shoulders of the officers. One officer had his clothing and the skin of his arm cut through. At last the men were quieted by the statement that after General Houston had interviewed the prisoner they could kill him. Once in the presence of Houston, as a prisoner of war, Santa Anna was comparitively safe, for he immediately agreed to all terms.

Mr. Hopson overheard the conversation and gives an interesting account of it. All that Santa Anna had to say was, "Si, generale." "Yes general." Said Houston: "Do you acknowledge the independence of Texas?"

"Si, generale."

"Do you agree to pay all the damages and expenses of the war?"

"Si, generale."

"Do you agree to leave all the 'plunder' on this side of the Brazos?"

"Si, generale."

"Do you agree to cause all your troops to evacuate Texas immediately?"

"Si, generale."

"Will you send your orders by your officers, accompanied by ours, to see that this is carried out?"

"Si, generale."

These orders were carried out, though not before the divisions had effected a junction in such a force as to be too powerful for the Americans still. Some of the Mexican generals were indignant to the point of disobedience, but they were overruled.

Mr. Hopson describes the "plunder" referred to as covering a five-acre field as high as one could reach. It consisted of all sorts of personal properties, bought in Mexico and stolen in Texas. The Mexicans had come to occupy the land—to stay. Their plunder did stay; the only Mexicans who stayed larded the earth.

"Commodore" Starin, the steamship owner of New York, is said to be worth $7,000,000. Not many years ago he was a country doctor earning $1,000 a year.

Flower-Lore For September.

September is an important month to the flower-culturist. A practical florist makes the following notes which may be of service to those who have had less experience:

Give no plants a dirty pot.—Fall planting is the best for lilies.—This is a good time, for sodding lawns.—Asters make fine window pot-plants at this season.—Every flower looks the best backed by its own foliage.

Moss in a lawn indicates that the soil is either poor or wet.—Ivy-leaved geraniums are among the best of window-plants.—Calculate on lifting all tender pot-plants before the month is out.—Preparations should be made towards getting hyacinths and other Dutch bulbs planted soon.

Remove the annual plants as soon as their beauty is over, excepting those for seed.—The same flowering bulb never blooms but once, future flowers coming from a new progeny.

Aim to grow window-plants with good, healthy foliage, and they will be handsome even without flowers.—Lovers of flowers are a happy people, never failing in each month to find something new to delight them.—If chrysanthemums receive an occasional dose of liquid manure after the buds have set, the increased bloom later will pay for the attention.

It is worth while to take special pains to protect summer flowers against the first frosts, for usually after these we have a good deal of fine, warm weather.

The planting of memorial trees, commemorative of births or other events is a beautiful custom that should be increased.

A mass of crocuses or snow-drops cannot be well-grown in one year. They should be planted in the fall months, giving them a place where they may remain undisturbed for half a decade at least.

In an atmosphere that is moist enough to suit plant-life, flower-pots get green in time. In washing such, if a little chloride of lime be put in the water, it will be a longer time before they will become green again.

Geraniums that are lifted, potted and cut back to about one-third of each branch, and then kept in a cool, light and airy place, but where it never freezes, will flower handsomely about midwinter or later.

A glass filled with triternas, or flame-flowers, cut at from one to three feet long with ricinus or acanthus leaves forms an attractive table ornament. It should be stood on an opened paper, however, because of the defect of this flower, in showering down minute particles of sticky moisture.

One great secret of keeping plants free from insects is to keep them healthy. There is something about a healthy plant that insects do not like, and such a one will seldom be badly troubled; never if sickly ones are near for them to get upon. Health depends mostly on diet, light and air, and if these points will be more studied and physicking less, the plants will be better off.

Propagation by cuttings is an easily accomplished and delightful means of raising new plants, and this is the right season to go about it for getting stock for next spring. The saucer system is recommended to amateurs, because of its simplicity and certainty. Any dish that is water-tight and about two inches deep and filled nearly even full of sand, will answer as to equipments. Into this, cuttings made from the ends of shoots, and with the leaves of the lower parts that go into the sand cut off, should be inserted, placing them so close together as almost to touch. Set the saucer thus filled in a sunny window, and supply it with enough water at all times to keep the sand just covered. In from one to three weeks depending on the kinds, roots will appear.

To determine when this takes place exactly, the cuttings of the different kinds should be examined from time to time, and as soon as roots, however small, appear on any, the cutting should be potted. Set them in light earth, in rather small pots at first. They should also be shaded lightly from the sun for a week, as now, with the soil not saturated to the extent the sand in the saucer was, they would, if unshaded, flag to their injury. After growth begins, the young plants should have as sunny a place as can be provided for them, and all through the winter.

Gen. Lee on Frankness.

A letter of Gen. Lee to his son, written in 1862, has just been given to the public, in which he discourses on the value of frankness:

I am just in the act of leaving home for New Mexico. My fine old regiment has been ordered to that distant region, and I must hasten to see that they are properly taken care of. I have but little to add in reply to your letters of March 26, 27 and 28. Your letters breathed a true spirit of frank ness; they have already given myself and your mother great pleasure. You must study to be frank with the world; frankness is the child of honesty and courage. Say what you mean to do on every occasion, and take it for granted you mean to do right. If a friend asks a favor you should grant it if it is reasonable; if not, tell him plainly why you cannot; you will wrong him and yourself by equivocation of any kind. Never do a wrong thing to make a friend or to keep one; the man who requires you to do so is dearly bought at a sacrifice. Deal kindly but firmly with your classmates; you will find it the policy which wears best. Above all do not appear to others what you are not. If you have any fault to find with any one, tell him, not others, of what you complain; there is no more dangerous experiment than that of undertaking to be one thing before a man's face and another behind his back. We should live, act and say nothing to the injury of any one. It is not only best as a matter of principle, but it is the path to peace and honor.

Poplars grow in rows in Normandy, in cultivated fields. The bows being constantly cut away for fuel, there is no shade and no interference with vegetation.

Mrs. Blaine has subscribed $2,500 to the building fund of the chapel of the Covenant now in process of erection in Washington.

The products of Calafornia for 1884 are estimated at $81,000,000.

Things in General.

The new Italian war-ship, the Ru[illegible]giero di Lauria, will carry four 100-[illegible] guns, ten four-ton guns, twelve [illegible] mitrailleuses, and two guns of fift[illegible] centimeters at the bow and stern. [illegible] engines will be of 5,000-horse pow[illegible]. Her keel was laid in September, 18[illegible] and she will cost 20,000,000 fra[illegible]. She is named after a celebrated Ca[illegible]brian Admiral, the first of whose [illegible] victories was the battle of Malta [illegible] 1283.

There is no demand for landed pr[illegible]erty in England. Recently the M[illegible]dleham estate, comprising about [illegible] acres in the North Riding of Yorksh[illegible] Braithwaite Old Hall and the ruins of Middleham Castle, was put up for [illegible]tion at York. The rent-roll of the [illegible]tate is £2,800 a year, and it was first [illegible]fered as a whole. No one, howe[illegible] could be induced to bid £60,000, an[illegible] was withdrawn. Subsequently the pr[illegible]erty was put up in several lots, but [illegible] a single field found a purchaser. [illegible] Boscastle estate in Cornwall, [illegible]cludes the whole town of Bosca[illegible] was also offered for sale, but that was withdrawn.

The word "fudge" [illegible] a positive [illegible]sonality underlying it. Such it is [illegible] least, if Disraeli's account be authe[illegible]. He quotes from a very old pam[illegible] entitled "Remarks Upon the Nav[illegible]" wherein the author says: "There [illegible] in our time one Captain Fudge, [illegible]mander of a merchantman, who, [illegible] his return from his voyage how [illegible] fraught soever his ship was, al[illegible] brought home his owners a good [illegible] of lies so much that now aboard [illegible] the sailors, when they hear a grea[illegible] told, cry out, 'You fudge it.' The [illegible] was the Black Eagle, the time tha[illegible] Charles II."

In Austro-Hungary [illegible] new[illegible] appearing more than [illegible] a mont[illegible] to deposit caution-money if politi[illegible] treated or mentioned. For V[illegible] surroundings this deposit is fixed at [illegible]000; for towns of 50,000 inhabitan[illegible] $3,000; for towns of 20,000 inhab[illegible] at $2,000, and for all other places [illegible] but papers only appearing [illegible] a week need only pay half the [illegible]. By infringement of the press [illegible] caution-money may be partially [illegible]ly forfeited, and all files are [illegible] the amount which has again to be [illegible] up to original sum if the papers are [illegible] go on.

The Lord Bishop of Rochester, [illegible]land, who is now in this country [illegible]gaged in temperance work, freque[illegible] emphasizes the fact that he is not [illegible] Prohibitionist. "I do not believe," [illegible] says, "in laws which propose absolute[illegible] to suppress the liquor business, [illegible] which invariably fail of their purpose and only serve to bring all law into con[illegible]tempt. I am for restrictive legislation. I favor high license, because it restrai[illegible] the liquor business and does away w[illegible] many of its horrors."

Among forty-four American cities [illegible] death rate of which is published in [illegible] Sanitarian, Lynchburg, Va., leads [illegible] list in perentage of mortality. In the five weeks ending March 29, 188[illegible] the deaths in this little city we[illegible] at the annual rate of 50.8 per thousan[illegible] or nearly twice that of New Orlea[illegible] during the same time. In the f[illegible] weeks ending April 26, 1884, [illegible] deaths were at the annual rate of 58 pe[illegible] 1000, and in the four weeks preceding May 31 had sunk to the rate of 48. [illegible] New Orleans, certainly the most insalu[illegible]brious of the large cities of the Union, the death rates for the same terms of four weeks were 30.1 and 25.5 respect[illegible]ively. Lynchburg is said to be finely situated on steep declivity on the right bank of James River.

A man in Forest Hill, California, possessed what might be termed a patent elastic stomach. He could not eat anything without nauseating him, and as for quantity it was never known exactly how much his stomach would hold. On one occasion it is said, he ate eight small cans of oysters, several cans of peaches, besides crackers, cheese and bologna in proportion, and washed it down with eight or ten glasses of beer, and then afterward, when asked to sing a song, he wanted to know whether they expected him to sing on an empty stomach. It is said also that he would sometimes catch flies and eat them down by the handful just to show what he could do. At one time he ate a mouse, head, ears and hair, on a wager of $1.50.

Preserving Milk by Chemicals.

From the London Standard.

It might be of interest to that numerous class of the community into whose dietary milk enters more or less, to know whether carbonate of soda boracic acid or nitrate of potash injures or improves the quality of the fluid. From the evidence of a correspondent it appears that in hot weather milk venders, or at least some of them have adopted the very questionable habit of mixing these substances with the articles which they sell in order to keep the milk fresh. It is, of course, possible that boracic acid may have the property of preserving milk from "turning." The same agent has been tried before for keeping meat from putrification, and has been supposed to answer. But the effect which this particular form of milk adulterations is likely to produce on the digestions of those who consume the novel compound can not be prophesied with any safety except by persons well acquainted with the laws of chemistry. According to the testimony which we publish, the results in certain instances has been to produce illness of rather a severe type. A little knowledge of chemistry among venders of milk would be a dangerous thing for their customers if this practice continues; and it is obviously not to be endured that our milk supply should be meddled with and its purity destroyed by means of chemical experiments conducted by perfect amateurs. Out of sixteen analysis of milk made with the purpose of discovering the causes of the illness described, only two samples were found to be pure; one was adulterated by the admixture of water, and no less than thirteen had been subjected to the experiments we have mentioned with boracic and other acids. We have heard of flour and chalk being used as ingredients of cows' milk by dishonest venders; but the addition of chemical compounds intended to preserve the article gives a new terror to the homely milk-jug.

Defective Page